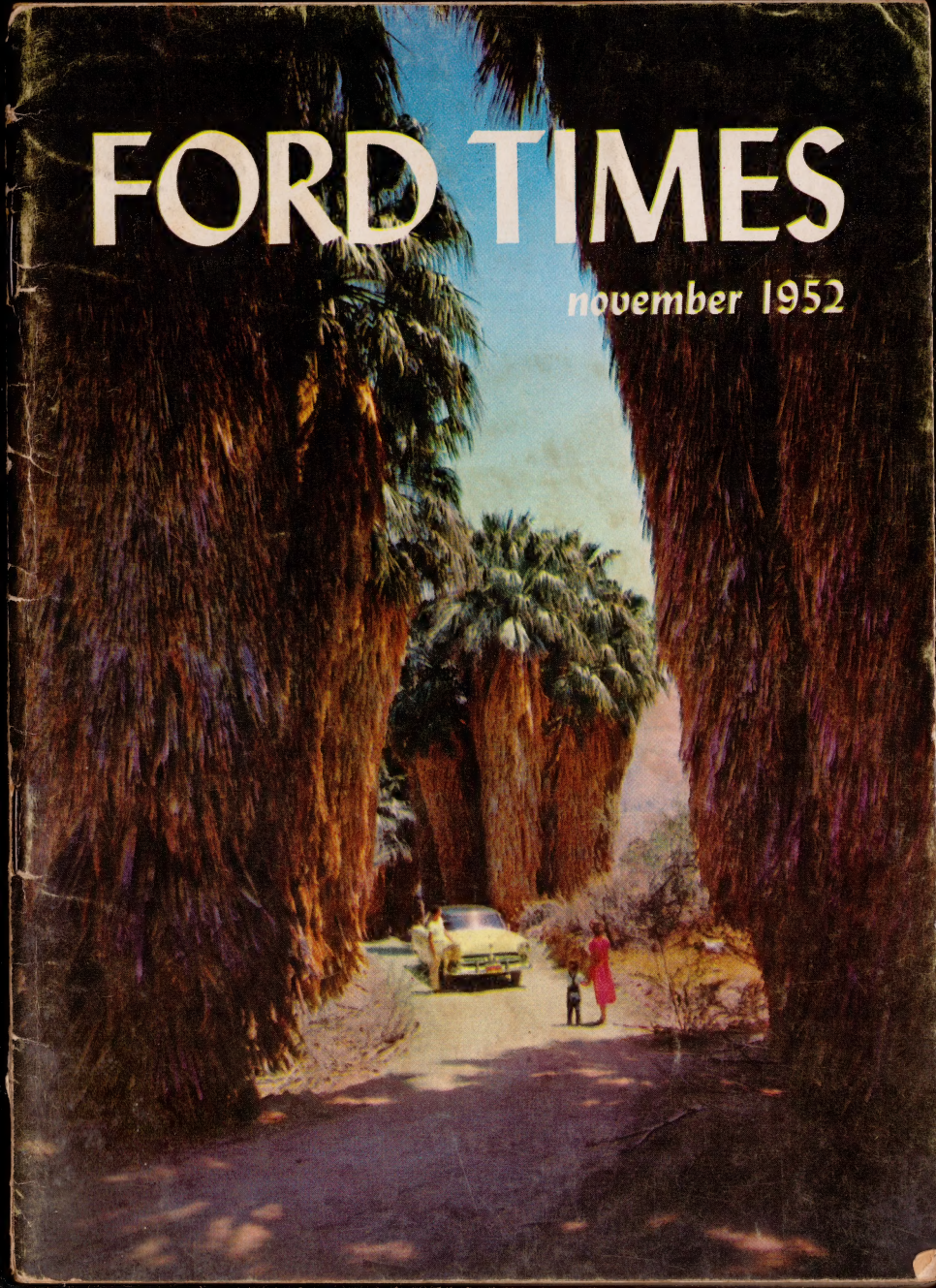


FORD TIMES

november 1952





design by Charles Harper

Horseless Carriage Adventures

No. 9 — THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY

Not so long ago spanning the continent by automobile was more than an adventure; it was an endurance contest between driver and car. Quite often both succumbed. Only a man of blood and iron could ride a bucking automobile across the western plains without pulling leather, and Mother had to wear spurs to stay with it, while kids bounced in the back seat like corn in a popper.

Undaunted, a five-car caravan set out in 1915 to travel the breadth of the continent to publicize the hoped-for Lincoln Coast to Coast Highway—the nation's first. With San Francisco's Panama-Pacific Exposition as their goal, they dipped their rear wheels into the Atlantic Ocean and started. A hundred days later they triumphantly pointed their front wheels into the Pacific, as this family is doing here in a 1908 Model T. It was a prophetic gesture, for the man-killing miles of yesterday have yielded to mile-eating cars, and today coast-to-coast highways are commonplace.

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The Ford Times is published monthly by the Ford Motor Company, 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Michigan. Board of Publishers: Walker Williams, Chairman; J. R. Davis; B. R. Donaldson; Arthur T. Lougee; W. D. Kennedy; Charles F. Moore; Copyright 1952, Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan. Printed in U.S.A. All rights reserved.

My Tom Sawyer Town—

Biloxi, Mississippi

by Hodding Carter

paintings by Adolph Kronengold

HAVING grown up on and near Huck Finn's Mississippi, I may sound like a traitor when I say that for a small boy the river country could not match the delights of the Gulf Coast thirty-odd years ago—or now. If I could take Huck and Tom with me to Biloxi, less than a three-hour drive from the interior Louisiana of my boyhood, I believe I could win them over to that lush, tropic wonderland.

But since we can't journey together, I must return alone. It wasn't hard to do, a summer ago, when I stole five weeks on the Coast. The first night I heard an old friend brag that the Coast was bigger and better than it had ever been.

"I know it's bigger," I said. "But bigger doesn't necessarily mean better. I want to see whether it smells and looks and tastes and sounds and feels as it used to."

I found out that it did. Despite the Coast's growth and innovations, the old assault upon each of the senses is as overpowering as it ever was. The assault, a happy one, began the moment we descended from the straining automobiles in those gravel- and shell-road days.

Our eyes were dazzled by an exotic growth of low-swept water oaks hung with moss; by tall palms and pines and a motley of bright flowers and shrubs that ran down to the sea. And the Gulf itself! The coast dweller cannot understand the impact of limitless water upon the inlander, that first sight each year of the placid, gray-blue Gulf of Mexico.

Our noses quivered at the smells, each so distinct yet blended together into one odor that was Biloxi. There was the sharp smell of salt water and the pungent smell of the flats at low tide; the smell of fish and shrimp and crabs, the smell of magnolia and pine, the tantalizing smell of gumbos

*Above right: Approaching the Gulf on a shell road.
Below right: A tree house often serves as a "ship."*

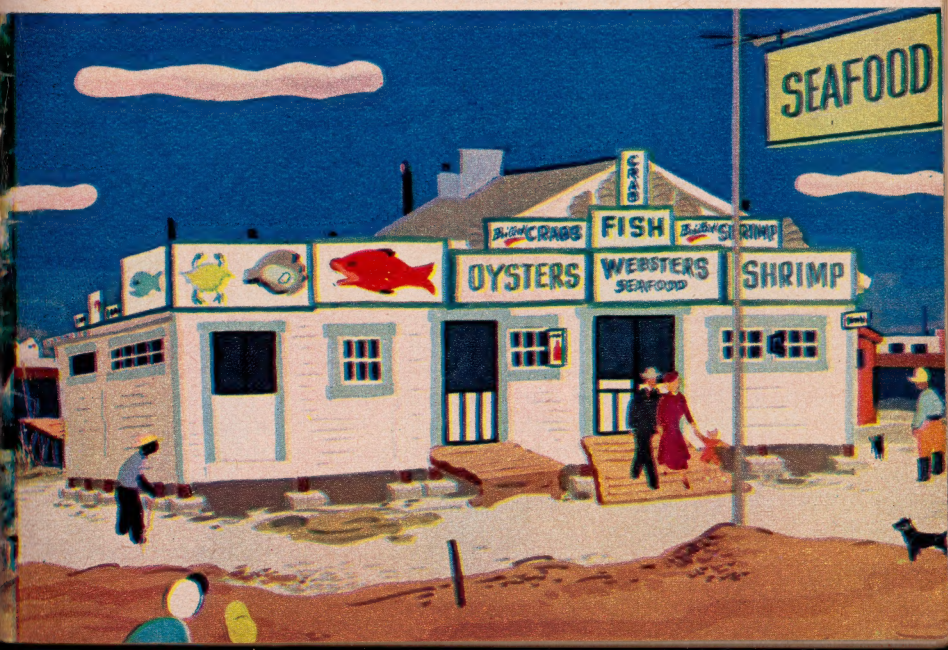


and bisques a-cooking. Our ears sought to interpret a myriad of provocative sounds: the somnolent compound of wave and wind; the splashing of water against the rickety piers; the gay, loud voices that were more French than English, chattering in a patois enriched by the newcoming Italian and Dalmation and Greek fisherfolk.

Exploringly our hands felt the crusted conch shells and the cool, moist walls of our sand castles. Our reckless arms and shoulders dared the hot touch of the sun and the tingle of the sea's salt, and the flesh was soothed by the soft breezes from the south. And to the landsman's palate the Coast brought an epicurean holiday for whose observance all manner of creatures of the sea were sacrificed. We ate peppery, herb-flavored gumbos and court bouillon and crisp-fried soft shell crabs, flounder and shrimp and oysters in many guises. In the back yards and the woods were fruits to be picked; and along that boardwalk were the hot dogs and multi-colored pops and gooey sweets that Aunt Polly would have frowned upon no more forbiddingly than did our parents.

But most of all to a boy who lived so much in the world of books, the Coast was the past come to life. In this Gulf of Mexico, Jean Lafitte the pirate had run down his victims and certainly he was as dangerous as Injun Joe. It was an easy matter to become his spiritual heir with the aid of a skiff and a sail in knee-deep water. In the woods that fringed the shore the warring Europeans and the more peaceable Indians had lurked two centuries past.

On low-lying Ship Island, a few miles out to sea, one of my grandfathers had been held prisoner by the Yankee, and my grandmother never tired of recounting the indignities, grown in the telling, which the late hero of heroes had suffered. We erected shore batteries against new bluecoat invasions from the sea and plotted our own escapes from Union captivity. Not far from our cottage stood Beauvoir, the last residence of the Confederacy's Jefferson Davis, and home for Confederate veterans. Today there are but three known survivors of the armies of the Confederacy, but thirty years ago many of these old soldiers were in good health and vigorous, and their talkativeness made a visit to Beauvoir the most thrilling of adventures. The old men, many in gray uniform and soft black hats,



would tell us about Shiloh and Gettysburg and the Wilderness. I always wanted to hear them give the Rebel yell, but I never dared ask, and it was only in a theater in New Orleans to which the veterans had been brought to see "The Birth of a Nation," that I heard that shrill and fearsome cry. Perhaps American history is more meaningful elsewhere, but it could not come more vividly to life than on this coast where six flags had waved and the past still superseded the present.

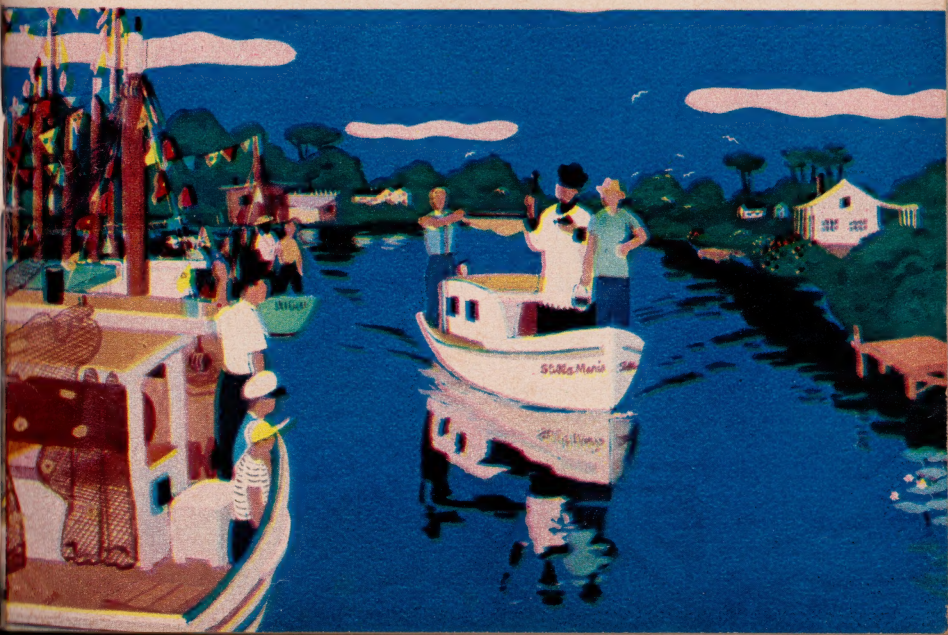
The Coast summers were a heady mixture of other allures. At night we speared the flounder by torchlight. By day, the stupid, succulent crab was always ready to grip a morsel of fat meat dangling from a piece of grocer's string; and even the sparsest bait would attract gullible fish at the end of the piers. We swarmed around the shrimp packing plants, not envying the exploited children inside, no bigger than ourselves, who picked shrimp for a few nickels a day. We could always get a few handfuls of the little gray shrimp to boil in an empty coffee can, seasoned with the salt water alone, beneath a pier.

Surfeited with paddling or fishing or swimming we could explore our sector of the long beach road, meandering from one to another of the great beach homes and playing in the shrub- and flower-filled yards with new found friends. Those lovely houses meant the enchantment of riches and ease, and we liked to guess about the wealth of the remote older people who lived behind the green-shuttered windows. We would ride all morning for a nickel on the street car that connected the little coastal towns and try to pick from the architectural motley the house that we would want when we grew up.

But the fishing boats were more desirable than even the stateliest house on the beach. Today the graceful fishing schooners are gone, victims of the power-driven luggers of the machine age; but thirty years ago and even more recently, the Gulf winds sang through the rigging of the schooners, and along the wharves we could smell not only the odorous catch but also—if our imagination did not fail us—the scent of magical islands beyond our seeing. Envidable was the keeper of the beautiful Biloxi lighthouse, in whose trust were the fishing craft. I remember his lonely majesty, and the serenity of the steady, yellow light in the dark night before bedtime.

All this was a long time ago, and it is regrettably true that

Priests still bless the shrimp fleet→



a loved scene revisited usually proves disappointing. But for me the Coast is still the wonderland of my childhood, though the automobile has displaced the trolley and the carriage, and the neon signs blaze too brightly near the Biloxi lighthouse. The coast is louder and more crowded now, and this I selfishly dislike. Yet there is far more good than bad in the change. Today the network of state and national highways has made the Coast a playground for the many instead of the relatively few. Priests still bless the fleet at the opening of the shrimp season, and white sails have not vanished from the blue sea, for almost the year round the bronzed young sailors from the Coast's score of yacht clubs race or cruise in the Gulf. Pleasure fishing has become a business, with scores of fishing captains promising good luck to amateur deep sea anglers who seek the king mackerel and the lemonfish.

All this transformation is subordinate to two profound changes. Industry has come to the Coast, revolutionizing the work habits and the living standards of thousands of these sun-blessed folk. And even more than the impact of industrial balance, the Coast feels the effects of its role in the nation's defense. The beaches and the hotels, the movies and nightclubs and excursion craft are jammed by the thousands of young airmen from Keesler Field, the Air Force's second largest installation. Biloxi is more preparedness-conscious than any other city in the South; and the children of the Coast, who in my boyhood would run in fright from the strange automobile, scarcely look up at the aircraft or at the uniformed men who are trained here in aviation electronics.

I should remind myself that the growth means only that there are more to enjoy what I have loved so long. For the air and the food and the color and the smells and the old true sounds of the Gulf Coast are still the same, and that is what really matters. The sails of the racing yachts are just as white and as gently curved against the breeze as ever were the mainsails of the vanished fishing schooners; and along the unchanging sands a new generation of little inlanders plans piratical forays.

All that has really changed is myself; and even so I am not at all sure when I go back to the Coast that I am not the pirate in the little skiff beyond the seawall.



Unconventional Churches in New England

story and photographs by Robert Holland

ALTHOUGH a New England country church is traditionally a rather plain building with a thin spire rising above elms or maples, one finds occasional exceptions. On the opposite page are two—both, oddly enough, in Vermont, the most traditional-minded of all the Yankee states.

In the upper picture is Holy Cross Church, known also as Brother Dutton Memorial Church, which was built in 1949 in Morrisville. Visitors and worshippers are pleasantly amazed to find so modern-looking a church in the ancient Vermont hills. They are also fascinated by the wealth of oil paintings inside and out. Andre Girard painted thirty-six events in the life of Christ for the interior of the church, and twelve events in the life of Brother Dutton for the exterior.

Brother Dutton was born near the site of the church in 1843. He entered the Catholic Church at the age of forty and then spent forty-four years, until his death, among lepers in a colony on the island of Molokai, one of the Hawaiian group.

In the town of Richmond, not far from Morrisville, is the Old Round Church, one of the architectural oddities of Vermont. It was completed in 1813 through the joint efforts of five Protestant denominations who could not afford their own meeting house. Groups held their services on a rotation plan until membership grew enough to warrant separate churches.

The church is not actually round. It has sixteen sides, with an octagonal belfry. It is now the Town Hall of Richmond, but an interdenominational service is held there one Sunday each summer. People from all over the country make a pilgrimage to attend.



Oases in the Desert

by Joyce Rockwood Muench

photographs by Josef Muench

THE DESERT that lies to the east of Los Angeles in Southern California is sun-scorched and blindingly hot, but it has an important and world-famous redeeming feature: the palm oases with which it is dotted.

A large number of these oases are in the Coachella Valley, which is a hundred miles, more or less, from Los Angeles. The valley was once part of the Gulf of California, but today most of it is not only parched but below sea level.

Persons driving along its major highways (U.S. 60, 70, and 99) often see one of the oases as a dark spot relieving the barrenness of the hills in the distance, or they see a single tree that hints at a grove around a bend in a canyon.

The Coachella Valley includes the oasis of Palm Springs, which is one of the most celebrated winter resorts in the world, and a good many others that are hardly known at all. Some do not even have names. Neglected roads lead to them, and explorers who like to investigate mysteries can find forlorn and deserted cabins tucked away among the palms.

Some of the oases have been popularized across the country as the sets for motion pictures. As a matter of fact, many an actor in a burnoose has been filmed in a California oasis astride an Arabian horse or in a desert tent, with the story ostensibly taking place anywhere from Casablanca to Bagdad.

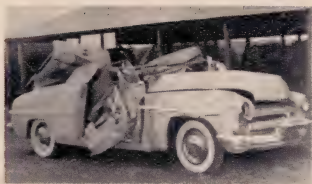
Regardless of their popularity the oases have one thing in common, and that is to offer motorists the amazing experience of leaving a merciless desert sun and suddenly entering another world, where a cool breeze blows beneath the trees,

*Above right: A view of the Coachella Valley from Willis Palms.
Below right: Palm Springs, with Mount San Jacinto at its back.*



CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

by Burgess H. Scott



As wrecked cars are the source of many customizing jobs, we print on this page one of the best "before and after" sets received to date. The photograph at left shows a wreck bought by E. M. Anderson, Jr., owner of the A-Bar-A

Ranch at Medina, Texas. With the help of McKinney-Lindsay, Ford dealer of Kerrville, Texas, Anderson transformed the wreck into the two-seat sportster shown below.

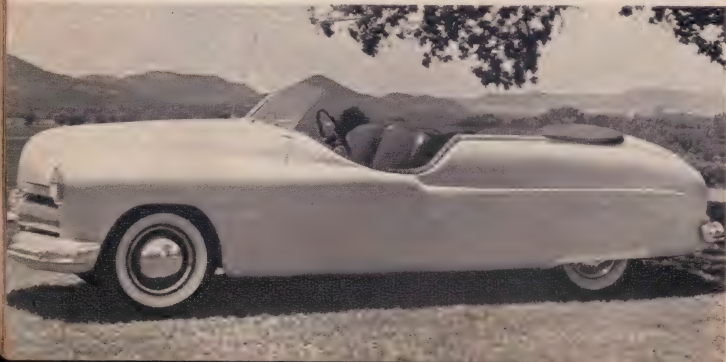
Anderson started by sawing off and stripping debris until he reached sound metal. From used '49 and '50 Mercury Tudors he obtained two doors and a rear deck lid, bolting and welding these in place to make the body a single unit.

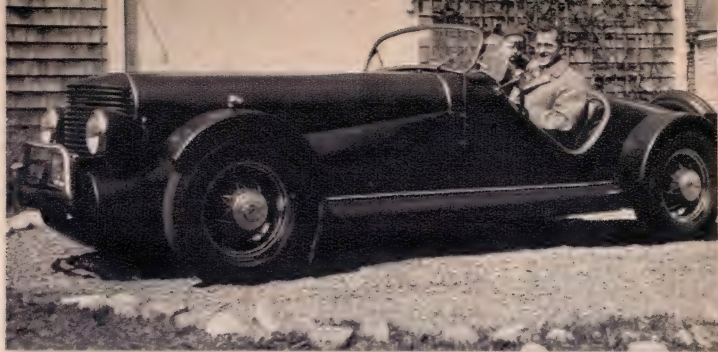
After a thorough de-chroming except for grille and rear, and installation of Lincoln tail lights, Anderson painted the car calabash yellow with red wheels. Black leather upholstery piped in red completed the color scheme.

The engine is equipped with 8:1 heads, three-quarter cam, adjustable valve tappets, and headers, and develops approximately 140 h.p. Anderson bought the wreck for \$280 and put \$720 into it. He now values the car at \$2,500.

Russell O. Steele of New Bedford, Massachusetts, is shown above right at the wheel of a roadster he built on a '35 Ford chassis. Alterations give the car a road clearance of six inches.

The frame was built of thin-walled steel tubing, over which





the body of .22 gauge sheet steel was hand-formed. Upholstery is of red weather-resistant plastic. The instrument panel is of polished wood with instruments inset. Steele says the only work done on the engine was an authorized Ford reconditioning which gives him all the performance he wants, along with an average fuel consumption of 25 miles to the gallon.

Pete Peterson, employee of the Cape Fear Motor Sales, Ford dealer in Wilmington, North Carolina, was apparently influenced by European styling when he designed the trim roadster he is pictured in below.

He assembled the car from the ground up, using parts from nine different yearly models of Ford and Mercury, with odd parts from a few other makes thrown in. The engine is 1950 Mercury with 8.5:1 heads and other speed equipment, reportedly developing 175 h.p. at 5,200 rpm.

Peterson's body is basically 1936 Ford roadster. Among his many changes were alteration of the rear deck to provide a spare tire well, installation of parking lights and turn indicator, and removal of eight inches from top and width to proportion the car.





← *photograph by Phyllis Dolan*

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Two Historic Grist Mills

A GRIST MILL does about as well as any kind of building in lending a feeling of history and antiquity to the region in which it is found.

Although not old by eastern standards, the wind-driven mill shown on the opposite page reaches well back into the history of South Dakota. It was built in 1886, three years after that state was admitted to the Union and six years after Milbank, the town in which it is situated, was founded.

The mill stood on the eastern edge of the city until 1928 when residents, making plans for the community's fiftieth anniversary, decided it was time to arrange for preservation of this memento of pioneer life. They had the mill jacked up, placed on rollers, and moved to the tracks of the Milwaukee Railroad. A big eight-drive locomotive then hauled it half a mile into town and it now rests on Main Street in a small park owned by the railroad.

It is often referred to as "the old Holland mill" and is thought to be Dutch. Actually, it was built by an Englishman named Hollands. Milbank, by the way, is on U. S. 12, in the northeast part of the state, near the Minnesota border.

The mill seen in the lower picture has a surer claim to age. It has been in operation for 250 years, and during the American Revolution, George Washington's men waited at its door to take flour to Valley Forge.

First of a dozen mills that were built in Pennsylvania after William Penn relinquished his monopoly on the manufacture of flour, this mill is the last of its type to survive the span of centuries. It is in Paoli, on the outskirts of Philadelphia. There is a miller on hand, grinding grain just as it was done in the mill's early years. ■

← *photograph by Fred Swartz*



Skiing in New England Without Skis

by Robert Hodesh

paintings by Arnold Holeywell

LET it be said at the outset that I am an expert on skiing—but not on skis. Too many people in snow goggles can testify that I have never traveled over twenty yards on the hickory boards in the perpendicular. I wear scars.

My first attempt was on a slope near Woodstock, Vermont. Its name was Suicide Six. All I remember is the breeze on my cheeks and the law of gravity. No, there was more: I got my face and other surfaces sandpapered by frozen snow.

Halted by a tree trunk of Vermont hardwood, I lay stupidly and without dignity before the eyes of the fabulous brunette who accompanied me. It was a sore moment as I looked upon a new world that loomed before me—a world of broken bones, strawberried hips, and bandages.

In the distance, across clean hills, I beheld the chosen and select—skilled skiers weaving their patterns on white powder over a packed base. They were fluid beauty, but I knew all over and across me that I would never be one of them.

A week later a dry-cleaning firm lost my ski jacket. I returned the borrowed skis—and again was a free man, supreme and untempted by skiing's pitfalls or pratfalls.

This was a good fifteen years ago, but I have remained faithful to myself. Skiing, that is, is my chief vicarious delight. I am one of the sport's keenest spectators. Skiing is my winter conversation. I am as safe as a dream of glory. Some of my best friends are skiers. Skiers are happy people. They smile more than other athletes. They sing more. They have gayer uniforms, with colored reindeer and moose in their Norwegian sweater patterns. I can wear this apparel without risk to rib or

Above left: The aerial tramway station—Cannon Mountain.

Below left: Skiing at Tuckerman's Ravine—Mt. Washington.



←*Snow Valley—Manchester, Vermont*

thigh bone. For I wear no skis, and sing to myself as follows:

*My Momma done tole me
When I was in ski pants.
My Momma done tole me—NO!*

But I like to go to the gayest of gay places, which is a New England ski lodge at sundown on a winter week-end. In the big common room a fireplace burns six-foot logs. There are Smith College girls, Yale boys, and the mighty men of Dartmouth in their stocking feet or wearing beaded moccasins. Young men with crew cuts talk of Brooksie Dodge's performance in the recent Olympics. But the oldtimers murmur of the days of Otto Schniebs, when the Dartmouth Outing Club was adjusting its first bindings on boards by Marius Erickson.

The room suddenly bursts into song. Cups of hot chocolate are raised, or perhaps a mug of beer, or hot-buttered rum. Everyone joins in the amiable bedlam, then troops in to supper at the long communal table. To bed at nine o'clock. And in the pink and frosty dawn, I alone sleep late.

New England offers all manner of ski lodgings, from Smug-gler's Notch and luxurious Peckett's at Sugar Hill, to iron cots in blankets in a farmhouse. There was a time in Woodstock, in Vermont's Green Mountains, when lodges and inns were so crowded that skiers slept in the jail.

But personally, in my role as a ski-camp follower, I want all the civilization I can get—innerspring mattresses, running water, and warmth. The Hanover Inn, at Dartmouth, is a superb setting for such indulgences. And you have to eat breakfast near a fireplace to know the ultimate pleasure of orange juice, scrambled eggs and toast. And what wonderful coffee there is in Hanover on a Sunday morning in the wintertime!

Well, breakfast is over, the tumult about waxes is petering out, the skiers, dressed to the nines, are streaming out into the early morning, and so we come to the essential point: New England out of doors. The air is so clear and brittle that if you were to flick a finger at it, it would go *ping*. The sun trumpets its arrival for several hours with a growing bow of light and finally clears the eastern mountains, and then you know something about the exaltation of a New England winter scene.

Certain devotees of New England scenery tell me they prefer the Yankee landscape in winter. They acknowledge its beauty

←*The Base Box at Mad River Glen*



← *The Round Hearth at Stowe, Vermont*

in spring, summer and fall, but they say that sometimes the quaintness is so thick it gets gummy. In winter, they claim, all the sentimentality gets bleached out and leaves a purer essence.

Peering across a snowy valley, I see their point. Far down the hills lies the town, and dominating it is the thin, white spire of the church. Plumes of smoke rise silently, as if everything were under water. I agree with those who speak for winter—but I'd agree with the partisans of the other seasons, too.

When laziness besets me or the temperature is two clapboards below zero, I fall back on a talent for empathy. This simply means getting into the spirit of things at a distance. If you feel pain when someone else breaks a leg, you have empathy. With this in mind, I watch skiing from the lodge window. I know what it's like to ride a lift and yodel on the way. Getting ready for the plunge I bend forward with my fanny high. I jab the poles in and back. I feel the sting of cold air. I know the thrill of flowing down a slope. And it's safe, very safe.

Even if valor were to conquer my discretion, I wouldn't go in for the kind of skiing they do in such ski clubs as the Schussverein and the Hochbirge. A cast is their badge of honor. When it comes off they tear up the hill again and try to bust the bone somewhere else. "How many stitches?" is the merry question.

The people I hang around with have generally been more moderate in the way they fall off mountains. They search for grace. They swoop like precocious birds. They have a certain sense of poetry, so that when you say "North Conway, Stowe, Mad River Glen, Cannon Mountain, Sugar Hill and Tuckerman's Ravine," they think you are reciting Shakespeare.

It's getting so you can't count the number of lodges, lifts and tows in New England. As for the number of skiers, if you took Woodstock alone on a weekend and saw them piling out of the inns at dawn with their skis and poles you would think Birnam Wood was coming to Dunsinane.

There are going to be more of these people in coming years. Last January I saw a couple dozen gamins not over six years old sliding down a slope in the Berkshires, their loose pants cracking in the breeze like whips. And someone told me that in Hanover a kid can rent himself skis and bindings for a whole winter for a buck. Today's youngsters are above using barrel staves, and besides, they couldn't find any, anyway. ■

← *Cranmore Mountain from North Conway*



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The Church with the Hand

story and photograph by Roger Heidelberg

FOR over a hundred years the steeple of the First Presbyterian Church of Port Gibson, Mississippi, has pointed a huge silver-colored hand heavenward.

The present hand is fourteen feet tall, and is made of galvanized iron. The original one, erected in 1829 when the church was built, was made of wood, covered with gold plate. It has long since succumbed to the ravages of rot and impious woodpeckers. It represented the hand of a scholar, while the current model is meant to be that of a laborer.

In 1863, when Port Gibson fell to General Ulysses S. Grant in the initial stages of his historic onslaught against Vicksburg, Grant is said to have exclaimed, "This town is too beautiful to be destroyed!" Possibly it was the unusual church steeple which softened his heart, though the town is renowned for its gracious antebellum homes. At any rate, Port Gibson was spared the burning which ravaged the surrounding area.

Inside the church can be seen the original oil-burning brass chandeliers taken from the world-famous steamboat, the *Robert E. Lee*, which in 1870 won a race with the *Natchez* in one of the most celebrated events in Mississippi River history. When electric lights were installed in the vessel her owners presented the chandeliers to the church. The observant traveler will notice a tiny, exquisitely carved statue of General Lee astride his horse, "Traveler," in the center of each one.

Port Gibson is thirty miles south of Vicksburg, on U. S. 61. A new highway, the Natchez Parkway, is to be built along the old Indian trail from Nashville, Tennessee, to Natchez, Mississippi. When it is completed, it will pass directly in front of the church with the hand.



The Lawn, University of Virginia

CHARLOTTESVILLE—
Mr. Jefferson's Town

by Virginius Dabney

paintings by Jewett Campbell

THE VISITOR to Charlottesville can bite into an Albemarle pippin, an apple relished for many years by Queen Victoria; stroll about the "grounds" (never called the campus) of the University of Virginia, which was designed and built by Thomas Jefferson; linger in the dormitory room where Edgar Allan Poe dreamed the dreams that made him immortal; or visit the woolen mills where cloth has long been manufactured for the uniforms of West Point cadets and Annapolis midshipmen. Somewhere, among these varied scenes, he will catch the spirit of the town that was, and always will be, Mr. Jefferson's.

It nestles in a natural bowl in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, along the Rivanna River and on one of the first trails that led westward from the Tidewater country to a wild and unknown interior. It dates from 1761, when the Virginia General Assembly made it the seat of Albemarle County and named it for Queen Charlotte, wife of King George III. Courthouse, pillory, stocks and whipping post—as well as numerous houses, stores and taverns—were promptly erected. These early manifestations of civilization have all disappeared. The oldest portion of the present courthouse dates from 1803, and, like so many other residences and public buildings in that section of Virginia, was apparently designed by Thomas Jefferson. It was used in rotation as “the common temple” by various religious denominations before any churches were built in the town.

On the Square at that time, and for some years previously, stood the Swan Tavern, a part of which is said to be incorporated in the present-day Red Land Club. The Swan was operated by John Jouett and his strapping son, Jack, who stood six feet four inches tall and weighed a husky 220 pounds. Jack is the hero of one of Charlottesville's favorite tales about Jefferson, its favorite son:

In June, 1781, Governor Thomas Jefferson and the Virginia lawmakers were meeting in Charlottesville, after having been forced to leave Richmond by the arrival of British troops. Among the legislators were three signers of the Declaration of Independence in addition to Jefferson (who had also drafted it) and Patrick Henry, whose “Give me Liberty or give me death!” had echoed through the colonies in 1775.

When the British, under the command of Colonel Banastre Tarleton, set out to capture these Revolutionary leaders, they chose the route via Cuckoo Tavern in Louisa County, adjoining Albemarle. They stopped briefly at this hostelry, forty miles from Charlottesville. There Jack Jouett learned their plans, and resolved to outride them and warn the Governor and the legislature. His feat makes Paul Revere's ride seem comparatively simple, for Paul had a fifteen-mile jaunt over better-than-average roads for his day, while Jack Jouett rode forty miles through by-ways and across country. He reached Charlottesville just in time, and when Tarleton arrived, Jefferson and the legislators had fled.

Many years later, when he was living in retirement at his beloved mountain-top home, Monticello, Jefferson succeeded



←*Composite view of Albemarle County Courthouse, Charlottesville*

in completing the architectural ensemble which still forms the central core of the University of Virginia.

Aside from the intrinsic beauty of these classic Greco-Roman buildings, with their charming colonnades, there is a rich history woven about them. Here, in Room 13, on West Range, the dreamy-eyed young genius, Edgar Allan Poe, spent his not altogether successful university career, which terminated when he closed the session some two thousand dollars in debt—much of it lost at the gaming table. Here, too, on West Range, is the room where, more than half a century later, Woodrow Wilson lived and studied, already evidencing his great gifts of leadership.

On the University grounds, as in the adjacent town, there are ancient trees and walled gardens. In spring the perfume of lilacs is in the air, while in autumn the hickories are a golden flame and the Virginia creeper is dyed with scarlet. An unusually large number of works of art add to the town's individuality and ornament its tree-lined streets. Among them are Keck's dynamic equestrian statue of Stonewall Jackson, and a superlative figure by Gutzon Borglum to the memory of James McConnell, the first University of Virginia alumnus to give his life in World War I.

Charlottesville—a blend of the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries—is a mellow town that holds no grudge, even against a man who threatened the safety of its beloved Mr. Jefferson. Another of the old stories told and retold to successive generations concerns the gallantry of Colonel Tarleton.

When Tarleton dashed into Charlottesville at the head of his British dragoons, just too late to capture Jefferson and the legislators, he chose the residence of Colonel Nicholas Lewis as his headquarters. Today one can still see this small brick house, with ivy-covered stuccoed walls, at the foot of Jefferson Street, where Tarleton, on that first night, slept on the parlor floor, wrapped in his coat, rather than deprive the occupants of their beds.

"Madam," said he, addressing Mrs. Lewis, "You dwell in a little paradise."

There are Charlottesvilleans who think the description is as apt today as it was 171 years ago. ■

←*Composite view of the West Range, University of Virginia*

*Home models ranged
from traditional to→
contemporary design.*

Young Craftsmen on the Way

by William Lashley

photographs by Hy Fisher



MANY of the thousands of persons who traveled to Dearborn, Michigan, last July to visit the Henry Ford Museum at Greenfield Village were probably perplexed if they happened to wander into the nearby gymnasium of the Edison Institute School. Although the museum is the greatest shrine to America's industrial past, the visitors found tables covered with all sorts of brand new objects—shiny machine tools, articles made of plastics, items that didn't seem to belong in a museum at all.

What they were seeing was not part of the permanent museum display but the results of work done by some of the best young craftsmen in the country. The articles were submitted to the Industrial Arts Awards, which is sponsored by



Ford Motor Company and is one of the principal nationwide recognitions of young people's skill in the use of tools.

Although this was the third year of Ford sponsorship of the awards, it was the first time the Industrial Arts Awards Fair was held in Dearborn, smack amid the primitive engines, early tools and experimental machinery of the industrial revolution. It was natural for people to wonder if there were any potential Whitneys, Edisons, Faradays and Morses among the junior and senior high school students who had submitted entries. To those who saw the exhibition, it appeared that the youngsters held up well. American youth had by no means lost interest in what it can make by hand.

This year Ford Motor Company awarded prizes worth

The exhibit included thousands of beautiful items for the home→

more than \$45,000 to 1,462 prize-winners selected from over 5,000 entries. There were sixty-three first prizes of \$100 each, with other prizes scaling down to \$80, \$60 and \$40. Honorable mentions were awarded \$20, and gold lapel pins were given to hundreds of entrants who won place awards. Thirty Outstanding Achievement Awards winners were later given three-day, expense-paid visits to Dearborn and Detroit for themselves and their instructors, and from among these winners ten were then chosen for special awards of \$200 each.

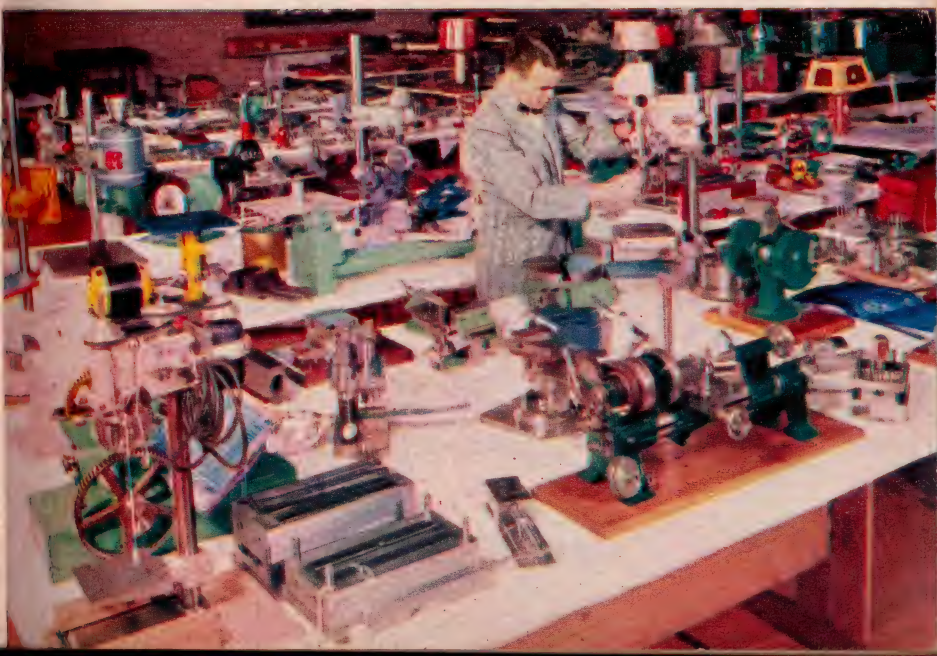
The number of entries this year more than doubled that of 1951. They included a number of "firsts." For example a Geiger counter was submitted for the first time, along with a tube of radioactive dust to test it, an oscilloscope for testing sound vibrations, and a television set. Also for the first time a girl won a top prize. She was sixteen years old and entered plaques carved of plastic which she had decorated by using colored inks in a hypodermic needle.

Entries were submitted in ten divisions: wrought metal, patternmaking and molding, machine shop, wood, plastics, electrical, mechanical drawing, architectural drawing, printing and a special "open" division for such items as ceramics, boat models and photographs. Each division is subdivided into grade levels from senior high school to seventh grade, so that entrants compete only with those of the same age. This year a sixth-grade boy, competing with seventh graders, won a prize in woodworking. He submitted a black walnut bowl carved in the shape of a chestnut leaf.

The eagerness with which the Industrial Arts Awards program is greeted by the country's young craftsmen is demonstrated in the story of the Wisconsin boy who got mumps while working on mechanical drawings for the competition and was ordered by the doctor not to use his eyes for close work. Two days before the deadline for entries, the ban was lifted and he worked until the wee hours to finish his project. The deadline was June 10, and on the day before, his mother boarded a bus and rode all night, delivering the drawings in Dearborn just in time.

Information about the 1953 awards may be obtained by writing to: Industrial Arts Awards, Ford Motor Company, 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Michigan. ■

In machine tools and woodwork, youth ranked with professionals→



The Southwest: Beef and Blankets

by James W. English

photographs by Herb McLaughlin

A TRAVELER won't range very widely in the Southwest before observing that the fattening of cattle and the weaving of blankets keeps a great many Southwesterners busy. Scenes like those shown on the opposite page—of people perched on fences near cattle pens, and blankets by a roadside weaving establishment—are quite commonplace.

In cattle pens like these (this is near Phoenix), the fattened steers are bought and sold, and here they start on the final road that leads to choice beefsteak in the local butcher shop.

The buyers and sellers who come to these pens have a lot of amazingly specialized knowledge. For instance, by looking at the cattle brand they know where the steer came from. Going on from there, they know what the range is like, the type of feed and water, and ultimately a good deal about the quality of the steer they're looking at.

With all this information, they can judge to within a fraction of a dollar what the steer is worth per pound. They don't even have to see the steer. All they need is the brand and they can tell how much a housewife should pay for her rib roast. Many a housewife would be happy to have that much background—especially when staring at the price tag.

Skilled buyers of Navajo rugs also have to have special knowledge. They don't determine value by size of the rug, but rather by the tightness of the twisted yarn, tightness and evenness of the weave, and regularity of the pattern.

Once upon a time it was possible to get Navajo rugs by bartering coffee, sugar, or flour on a dollar for dollar basis. Those days are gone now, but even though a traveler pays in cash for his rug, the prices are low if he knows how to distinguish quality goods from the lesser product. ■



Airboating for Florida Bass

by George X. Sand

photographs by T. P. Wyatt

JUST WEST of U.S. Highway 441, between Delray Beach and Fort Lauderdale, Florida, a narrow canal, blasted through muck and sawgrass, leads to a froggers' landing. This canal, two miles south of the Delray Beach cut-off, is a sort of open sesame to the Loxahatchee National Wildlife Refuge sector of the Florida Everglades. More than that, it is your jumping-off place for a new experience in bass fishing: operation airboat.

Two winters ago, a man named Duke Gendreau recognized the airboat as an excellent means of opening the vast swamp to the tourist. With eagle-eyed frogboatmen for guides, Gendreau figured he had the extra added attraction to the already established fascination of the Everglade wilderness.

He was right, and will gladly prove it.

At the froggers' dock, where you can buy a two-week non-resident fishing license for three dollars, Duke Gendreau helps you load your tackle into one of the half-dozen waiting airboats. This curious, efficient craft has an aluminum hull, and a four-cylinder airplane engine turns its propeller. It seats three comfortably, and draws but two inches of water. This shallow draft gives access to places that never could be reached by ordinary boat. The airboat and an experienced guide, both registered and approved by the state, cost twenty dollars per passenger couple per trip, and are well worth it.

The guide has an elevated bow seat that permits him to see over the tall grass, as the airboat skims

*Above right: This froggers' dock is the take-off point for airboats.
Below right: A largemouth was waiting at the edge of the lily pads.*



Frogers dynamited the narrow water trail into the Everglades→

along at thirty-five miles per hour. The scenery changes endlessly. Crowding cypress along the entrance canal gives way to scrub myrtle and bay. These thin into open patches of sawgrass prairie. Overhead, disturbed tropical birds, brilliant in color, hover and wheel against the bright sky.

Then you emerge into the Glades proper. Stretching vastly, the swamp becomes an awesome labyrinth of channels, mirrored sloughs, green-topped hammocks.

Already you have lost all sense of direction. Stretching away to the horizons the swamp becomes an awesome labyrinth of twisting streams and mirrored sloughs, with green-topped muck islands, some scarcely anchored, lying in between. But your guide isn't confused. As a frogger he's been running the Glades for years—at night.

The airboat now roars down a dead-end waterway. You wait for it to throttle down. It doesn't. You brace for the shock of impact on shore. It doesn't come. Instead, you continue smoothly overland across a field of wet, brown grass. The airboat will actually travel faster over wet grass than in deep water!

You are skimming on water again, colored with purple hyacinths and pink and white water lilies. The guide stops by a small opening in the pads, and kills the idling prop.

"Alligator hole," he explains. You cast a top-water plug into the opening. As you retrieve it, first waiting for a ten-foot ripple ring to form, a baby 'gator slips lazily from a grass tussock.

Then, suddenly, your rod whips down, and down again till the tip touches water. Instinctively you strike. You've hooked a four-and-a-half pound largemouth bass. The waters available by airboat are full of them.

The guides conservatively refuse to talk of bass weighing more than four pounds. But you learn that lunkers twice that weight are not uncommon. There are fifteen-pounders on record.

You move on to other fish-rifled sloughs and hidden lakes. The morning has vanished in the new excitement of airboating. When you stop for coffee, which the guide brews over an improvised tin-can gasoline stove, you note the complete absence of mosquitoes. For a moment the poignant loneliness of the great swamp is punctuated by the distant cry of a limpkin. It is incredible that this jungled swampland wilderness is only fifty miles from Miami's teeming Gold Coast. Yet it is true. Thanks to Duke Gendreau and his airboats you can enjoy it. Look them up on your winter trek to Florida. And be sure to take your rod and bass tackle along. ■

Hunting-ground for big black bass that have never known a hook→



Manhattan Festivals

story and paintings by Stephen Baker

EVERY YEAR, around September 17, a caravan of pickup trucks appears on the block between Prince and Bleeker streets in Lower Manhattan and begins to clear up the remnants of what apparently was a very gay party. Down come the strings of thousands of electric lights, the ornaments, the stalls and stands, and the loud speakers, while the litter of candy wrappers, paper plates and pop bottle caps is flushed down the gutter. The Feast of San Gandolfo is over.

At the same time, only a few blocks away in "Little Italy" on Mulberry Street, similar activity goes on in reverse. Booths are erected, scaffolds emerge from piles of two-by-fours. Electric displays in floral shapes are strung from tenement wall to tenement wall. Trucks laden with food crawl into the busy street, and depart empty. The Feast of San Genarro is about to begin.

Twenty-five of these festivals are held in Manhattan, extending the year round, as Italian-American settlements honor the patron saints of their respective home towns back in southern Italy. Among the more outstanding, besides the St. Gandolfo and St. Genarro, are the Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, held in Italian Harlem July 15 to 17; the Feast of St. Francis de Sales, staged by residents of East Twelfth Street in January; the October festival of St. Francis of Assisi, on Thirty-Eighth between Eighth and Ninth avenues; St. Agatha's between Baxter and Canal streets, on February 5; and the fête of San Rocco, celebrated in all Italian quarters in August.

Details of the various festivals differ, but certain elements are common to all. An altar, of course, is the focal point. Here reposes the image of the saint, generally surrounded by a dazzling display of neon lights, towering floral arrangements,



and ruby-glassed votive candles. Several times during the fête, the statue of the saint, or even the entire altar, is hoisted onto the shoulders of men who may pay as much as a hundred dollars each for this privilege. The shrine is carried down the street, followed by a band of musicians and a crowd of spectators and worshippers carrying lighted tapers. During the procession, the devout frequently take the opportunity to lay thank offerings at the saint's niche.

Many features of the feasts have no religious significance. As night falls over the city, the brilliant array of bulbs illumines scores of stands and pushcarts. The vendors have piled around them enormous stacks of food to please every Italian palate, and there's plenty of "vino" to wash it all down.

All the foods traditional to the occasion are here, and with incessant chants the white-aproned chefs boast of their culinary skills. As you eat standing up, your eyes may smart from the heady smoke of the charcoal grills laden with sausages. The odor of the peppers and onions being fried in olive oil mingles with the pungent odor of *muliedele* (veal lung and intestines). *Pizza*, of course, are everywhere—those wheat pies heavy with garlic, and garnished with all manner of delicacies such as mushrooms and anchovies. Mounds of iced clams are ready to be opened and swallowed off the half shell, spiced first with a fiery sauce. For dessert you can down *torrone* (almond candy), *tortoni* (cream-rich ice cream), or strings of nut kernels.

For the three days or so that the celebrations last, the streets become a curious mixture of the Via Roma, a county fair, Coney Island, and just plain old New York City block. Whole families move out to their fire escapes to watch the spectacle; substantial Italian women bring their favorite chairs out to the street to get a sidewalk view of the goings-on. Male and female vocalists lustily entertain the crowd with the old favorites: "Cen 'a Luna," "Palazziello," and "Sorrento." And every celebrant is sure that this is the biggest, best, and gayest festival ever staged in New York.

All this is very much Italian—but with Yankee variations. A few doors away from the group of older couples executing a spirited tarentella, young folk are dancing to "Come-on-a My House." Here is a stand featuring the old Italian game that involves pounding a nail all the way into a board with one clean blow of the hammer; there is another stall promoting a sort of baseball. And the vendor who sells you the *scungulli* (eels) will be equally happy to serve you a hot dog with mustard. ■



Nature's Joking Junk Man

by David F. Costello

paintings by Charles Culver

OCCASIONALLY you can beat a horse trader, or get a bargain in a second hand store. But don't try trading with a wood rat. You'll lose.

If you mislay your compass while camping in the woods, don't expect a gold watch in return. You'll probably get a rock, or a pine cone. Your ghostly companion will trade sticks for potatoes, pebbles for coins, oak leaves for dynamite. If he stows the dynamite in your cook stove, don't be surprised.

This squirrel-sized, mild-mannered frequenter of camp sites has acquired a reputation from his fabled swapping ability. But he is not a rat, in spite of his name.

He's a handsome little long-whiskered animal with a tail that is bushy or smooth, depending on his species and where you find him. One of his main occupations is collecting junk for his home.

A wood rat needs a house for protection from countless enemies: hawks, owls, coyotes, foxes, wildcats, and snakes. He sometimes builds a big one, several feet wide and a yard high, in bushes, trees, rock crevices, or cabins. His materials vary from twigs to bird feathers.

In his inveterate collecting, he is apt to exchange things. If he spies something better, he will drop his burden and make a trade. On Grand Mesa in western Colorado one took twelve loaves of my bread and left a beer can. He laid more than a hundred slices in a row extending from my kitchen to his nest in the forest.

A Montana woodsman told me how he planned to shoot a wood rat on a box in his cabin. Something made him pause. He found that the rat had cached a supply of dynamite caps inside the box. The shot could have blown the



place sky high. Wood rats are seldom seen, but often heard. Two rangers, for instance, were sleeping in a cabin in the Minidoka National Forest in Idaho. Windows were open in the sleeping room and kitchen. A wood rat thumped on the kitchen floor, came through the doorway into their room, climbed out the window, scratched along the logs outside, returned through the kitchen window, and thumped on the floor. Around and around he went.

"We fired two boxes of revolver shells as he came through the doorway," one told me. "We never got him, and he never stopped in his rounds until we closed the windows."

Accounts of noises made by wood rats are endless. In buildings they will scrape objects across the floor, and drop knives, tools, bolts, and rubbish while cleaning out a drawer in your kitchen cabinet. Favorite device is a length of stove pipe which they can roll in the attic while you are attempting to sleep.

If you spend much time in nature you can expect to hear the noisy collecting, the alarm chatter, and the distress squeals of this delightful little chap with the transparent ears and shoe-button eyes. With real patience you may observe his home life.

First mating is in spring. In six weeks the young are born, pink, hairless, and sightless. Incurved teeth enable the babies to cling to their mother's nipples which

are inguinal—between her hind legs, like those of a cow. If one fails to hang on while she runs, she carries it with her teeth. In two months the babies are weaned and ready for their normal life span of two or three years.

Even though the smooth tailed varieties have only two litters a year, and the bushy tailed race usually only one, they are a numerous and widespread clan. The various species are distributed from the Yukon to Central America, from the Pacific Coast across the Rocky Mountains, and from southern New York to Florida. They are absent from the Hudson Bay region and the upper Mississippi Valley.

But wherever you find this amiable little collector, be alert. Occasionally, though unwittingly, he makes real trouble.

There is a record of how a wood rat killed a horse in the mountains of Oregon. Grain poisoned with strychnine had been scattered in a barn. The rat collected all the seeds and heaped them in the manger. The horse ate them and later fell dead under his rider.

On the amusing side was the time a young mother camping in a tent with her six-weeks-old daughter observed a wood rat leaving the cradle with the baby's woolen booties.

Her husband said: "He's taking them to his junk pile."

She squealed, as she reached for the broom: "Those aren't junk. They're new!"



Ford Takes to the Rails

ONE of the many places Ford industrial engines are doing a man-sized job is, believe it or not, on the railroads. Shown above is an inspection car for executives' use, built by the Kalamazoo Manufacturing Company in Kalamazoo, Michigan, powered by the Rouge 239 cubic inch V-8 engine. This unit uses a standard three speed and reverse Ford transmission, coupled to a special reverse transmission to provide for equal speed forward or backward. The final drive is by triple roller chain from either side of the reverse transmission to the rear axle. The car uses standard Ford ignition and lighting systems and has an all-steel body with shatterproof glass all around. The operator's seat is forward with two passenger seats alongside. Behind these are four seats facing forward and four facing to the rear, providing a total seating space for ten inspectors in addition to the driver, plus a baggage trunk at the rear. ■



TAXCO:

the kick in the tequila

by Ben Masselink

paintings by Ross Rohrer

IF CUERNAVACA is like Pasadena and Acapulco is like San Diego, then Taxco is Mexico.

The big tourist four are Mexico City, Cuernavaca, Taxco and Acapulco, in that order going southwest on Highway No. 3. Cuernavaca, of course, doesn't look like Pasadena but it has the same hushed atmosphere of the walled-in rich. And Acapulco is not as large as San Diego but it has the same liberty-town frenzy. Of all four Taxco is what you imagined Mexico to be.

If you scooped up all of this colorful and fascinating country and packed it into an adobe ball, and squeezed it and kneaded it into a compact, glistening marble, that marble would be Taxco. It's Mexico concentrated, dehydrated; it's the chicken in the tacos, the cheese in the frijoles, the kick in the tequila.

Taxco is one hundred miles south and west of Mexico City. Six thousand feet up in the Guerrero Mountains, it tumbles over seven hills; looking at it from the air, a giant mason might have dumped a great bucket of red roof tiles that spilled into the valleys and teetered on the ridges. The highway skirts Taxco. Cars sneak in but they're uncomfortable. The narrow, cobblestone streets are made for the knee joint shock absorbers, low gear and narrow span of burros. This town of 3,372 people changes little since the government has declared it a national monument and allows no modern buildings.

In 1455, when Montezuma stumbled upon a few mud huts, Taxco as it was then, he added them to his spreading Aztec Empire. The people were poor. Horses and burros were unknown. On their backs the Indians carried grain, fruit and

Above left: The zócalo, the town's plaza and center of activity.

Below left: From the hotel, sprawling roofs and sharp valleys.

cotton as tribute to their new and demanding ruler in Mexico City. When he noticed the Indians jingling pieces of silver he added this metal to the list.

But not until Cortez conquered Mexico City in 1521 did silver mining develop. He moved the town near to the mines, its present location, and literally worked the Indians to death. As they died he would round up more and push them into the silver ground. With conditions so bad, epidemics broke out. By 1560 only a few people remained, most of them miners.

This state of affairs dragged on until the arrival in 1716 of Jose de la Borda, a French mine operator and a humanitarian. To the miners' surprise, he paid them for their work. More mines were opened; safety and labor saving devices were installed. Because he was homesick for his native land Jose had all the thatched roofs replaced with tile. In 1751 he began construction on the pink stone church of San Sebastian y Santa Prisca. It took seven years and seven million pesos to build, and is one of the most beautiful of churches.

Mining was Taxco's only industry until the 1930's when an American, William Sprating, became interested in the town

A boy with a bread tray sombrero.



and its lost native crafts. He revived the art of weaving and furniture making, and began a school for silversmiths, using the ancient Aztec designs. Most of Taxco's silver jewelry shops today are run by men who were his pupils.

The hotels in and around Taxco, all American plan, are first class. All are in old colonial buildings with thick walls, flower-filled patios, cool fountains, and balconies smothered with bougainvillea. The Hotel Victoria and Rancho Telva are above the town, and look down on the church and the zócalo, which is the plaza. The Hotel Los Arcos, once a convent, is just below the zócalo—but no matter where you are in Taxco you have a view that falls away to sprawling roofs and sharp valleys. The Hotel de la Borda is across the highway on the other side of town. Prices range from 80 to 115 pesos a day for two, about \$9.25 to \$13.50 including meals.

Life centers in the zócalo. Shaded by laurel trees and dominated by the church, this small plaza is an institution as Mexican as *mole* sauce. From the balcony of the Bar Paco, you can sip tequilá and secretly watch Taxco as it works and plays.

Perhaps it is a fiesta day. From the church hang lanterns; puppet show tents block the street. The Indians come in from the hills, the women with blue rebozos around their heads, the men with neatly folded serapes on their shoulders. They stroll around quietly, stand in the dark doorways, lean against the sun-warmed walls, and sit on the park benches. Vendors squat behind their charcoal pots and dip tacos into oil that boils with an odor of toasted corn. Other vendors sell green ice frosted to a soft slush in cones that look like tiny dunce caps. Dogs stretch out in the sun, half-slumbering but mindful of drunken feet. Americans wander slowly through this elixir, high-heeled women hobbling on cobblestones that were meant only for sandals and hoofs. A small boy walks by with a tray of bread on his head; it is a straw tray with a crown in the middle to fit his head—without the bread it looks like a huge sombrero. Loudspeakers pour out tunes and Spanish phrases like tangled strings of spaghetti. In the center of the zócalo, members of the local band with trumpets and trombones blow out music with all their might. And the Indians with the lean brown faces sit quietly and watch.

Taxco is Mexico distilled . . . crooked, climbing streets . . . lofty pink church . . . tumbling tile roofs . . . rain-stained adobe walls . . . preserved, as in a fine decanter, since the eighteenth century, and kept in that period's excellent taste. ■



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Nobska Light in Late Autumn

photograph by Hal Nielson

HERE is a rare kind of seaside picture. The photographer took it in the somber glow that follows sunset, when light meters register absolutely nothing. Waiting out a time exposure with cautious perseverance, he has caught the car with its headlights on, the lighthouse with its beam shining, and half a moon stuck in the sky above the central radio tower.

The picture is an interesting one not only for what the camera reveals but also for what it implies. Here is the southern coast of New England late in the fall. Although the night

has hardly begun, Nobska Light is already staring out over Vineyard Sound and Nantucket Sound from its perch on the rocky hill at Woods Hole, on the southwest side of Cape Cod.

The cars are parked and their occupants are gone, and if one is willing to let imagination take over where facts are absent, he may assume that the picture is devoid of people because they have taken off over the headland and gone down to the beach.

The evening has that quiet, portentous roominess of autumn dusk, and it suggests that this is the night for a picnic on the sand—perhaps the final picnic of the year. The day has been warm—as days sometimes are in New England in November—but the picnickers have brought wool shirts and blankets along, and later on, when the night air has sucked the last bit of warmth from the beach, they will be glad of it.

Some of the boys have started a driftwood fire, a few others are trying their luck casting plugs into the surf, and the girls are getting ready to put steaks on the fire or maybe lay a few of the season's remaining ears of corn, unshucked, into the coals.

Later, when the moon is down and the lights of the New Bedford and Martha's Vineyard ferries are flickering on the water, the gang will sing, knowing, as all autumn picnickers on the New England shore know, that one day soon a gale will sweep in from the northeast and in a single blast blow away a whole summer's magic.

This whole fanciful evening has come and gone beneath Nobska Light, which is a rather modestly built member of the family of New England lighthouses. It is a round steel tower rising only forty feet above the ground and eighty-seven feet above sea level. The light does not revolve but illuminates the area with a fixed white light which has a red sector to prevent ships from foundering on the Hedge Fence or L'Hommedieu Shoals. Its 6,500-candlepower light may be seen fifteen miles to sea and each year it guides 30,000 ships through the converging sea lanes of the region.

When it was first built, in 1828, Nobska Light was only a whale oil lamp on a wooden staging over the keeper's house. It was rebuilt in its present form in 1876. To reach it one must go south on State Highway 28 after crossing the Cape Cod Canal, and standing at the top of it on a clear day a person can see the chimneys of New Bedford seventeen miles westward across Buzzards Bay. ■



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Bessie Miller's Broadview Club, Ohio

Corn Fritters

- 1 cup cream-style corn
- 5 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 quart milk
- 4 eggs, separated
- 2 tablespoons baking powder
- Hot lard, for frying

Blend all ingredients together except egg whites and lard. Beat egg whites and fold into dough mixture. Heat inch-deep lard in heavy iron skillet over a moderate flame. Drop one tablespoon of dough mixture into lard for each fritter. Brown on both sides then place skillet with fritters in 450° oven for about two minutes before serving. Makes 24.

Famous for its clambakes and chicken dinners, this dining spot located in a 150-year-old farmhouse on Broadview Road in Parma. Dinner only is served on weekdays from 5:30 to 9:30 p.m. and on Sundays from 12:30 to 8:00 p.m. Closed on Mondays and from the first of November to the end of April.

←painting of Bessie Miller's by Jim Fisher

←painting of The Village by Hubert J. FitzGerald

The Village, Pennsylvania

Schnitz un Knepp

(Apples and Buttons)

- 3 pounds smoked ham, 8-ounce slices
- 4 cups dried apples
- 2 tablespoons brown sugar
- 2 cups flour
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup milk
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 3 tablespoons butter, melted
- 1 teaspoon salt

Cover dried apples with water and soak overnight. In the morning cover ham with cold water and boil for three hours. Add the apples and water in which they have soaked and continue to boil for another hour. Add brown sugar. Make dumplings by sifting dry ingredi-

ents together three times. Stir in beaten egg, milk and shortening. Drop the batter by spoonfuls into the hot liquid with the ham and apples. Cover kettle tightly and cook dumplings 15 minutes. Serve piping hot on a large platter. Serves six.

Good, hearty Pennsylvania Dutch foods are featured at this friendly restaurant at 28-32 E. Chestnut in Lancaster. Breakfast, lunch and dinner are served daily until 1:00 a.m.



Alwin and Olga, Massachusetts

Olga's Famous Chocolate Cake

- 2 cups cake flour, sifted
- 1 teaspoon soda
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar
- 1 egg
- 3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup thick sour cream
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sweet milk

Sift flour once, measure, add soda and salt and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually and cream together well. Beat egg into mixture; then blend in chocolate and vanilla. Add about a quarter of the flour and beat well, then add sour cream and beat thoroughly. Add re-

maining flour alternating with milk. Beat after each addition until smooth. Bake in two 9-inch layer pans in 350° oven for about 30 minutes. Frost with chocolate butter cream icing when cake is cool.

Alwin and Olga Gebhardt have run this popular restaurant since 1936 in Greenfield. You'll find it at 16 Federal Street (U.S. 5). Open every day, except Sunday, for lunch and dinner. Reservations advisable but not necessary.

←painting of Alwin and Olga by Douglas Jones

←painting of Hans Christian Andersen Inn by Edward C. Gressløy

Hans Christian Andersen, New Jersey

Danske Rod Grod Med Flödeskum

- 1 pint raspberries
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup grape juice
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
- 1 stick cinnamon
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch

Combine raspberries with water and cook slowly for about 10 minutes. Do not boil. Strain well and combine with grape juice, sugar and cinnamon and slowly boil for about 15 minutes. Mix cornstarch in a little water and slowly add to juice mixture. Cook until clear, stirring constantly. Remove from stove and pour into individual dishes until cool then place in ice box until cold. This dish may be served as a cold soup with grated orange rind and almond

slivers, or as a dessert with whipped cream. Serves six.

A rewarding stop along State Highway 4 at Paramus is the Hans Christian Andersen restaurant. Dinner served on weekdays from 5:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. and Sundays from 1:00 p.m. to 3:00 p.m. and 5:00 to 8:00 p.m. Reservations advisable. Closed on Mondays, most holidays and the month of January.



Mary's Italian Dinners, Washington

Pizza

Make enough bread dough for one average loaf of bread and let rise two times. Arrange a thin layer of dough on a metal cookie sheet which has an edge all around. Over the top spread 6 cups of tomatoes seasoned with salt and pepper. Italian sausage and anchovies may be added if desired. Sprinkle sparingly with salad oil or olive oil. Bake in preheated 450° oven for 20 minutes or until brown. Before removing from oven spread slices of provoloni or mozzarelli cheese over top

and keep in oven until it begins to melt. Remove from oven, slice in individual pieces and serve hot. This recipe will make about 6 servings.

Mary Palmerio, owner and manager of this Italian restaurant, has been in the food business for over 27 years. Her dining room is open every day for dinner until midnight. The address is East 4235 Hartson in Spokane.

←painting of Mary's Italian Dinners by Pete Long

←painting of Pete's Place by P. Charles B. Wilson

Pete's Place, Oklahoma

Italian Meat Balls

1 pound ground meat
2 eggs
2 ounces Parmesan cheese
Salt and black pepper, to taste
½ cup cracker meal
½ cup parsley, chopped
1 can tomato paste
Garlic, to taste

Season ground meat with cheese, salt and pepper. Add cracker meal, bind this compound with eggs. Make eight meat balls as large as an egg, flatten them at both ends, and fry them in deep fat or bake them. Then cover them with tomato paste and simmer until tender. This will be enough for four people. Serve with spaghetti.

In a rambling old house hidden by trees, near the intersection of U.S. 270 and State Highway 31 at Krebs, is this unusual eating place run by Pete Prichard. You may eat in the kitchen or in one of the eleven dining rooms but in all you have the feeling of visiting a friend. Open for lunch and dinner every day except Tuesday. Closed during July and August.

GAME SECTION

What Is It?

Some of these portraits of fearsome creatures, or parts of creatures, are larger than life size; some are smaller. Can you identify them? Answers below.

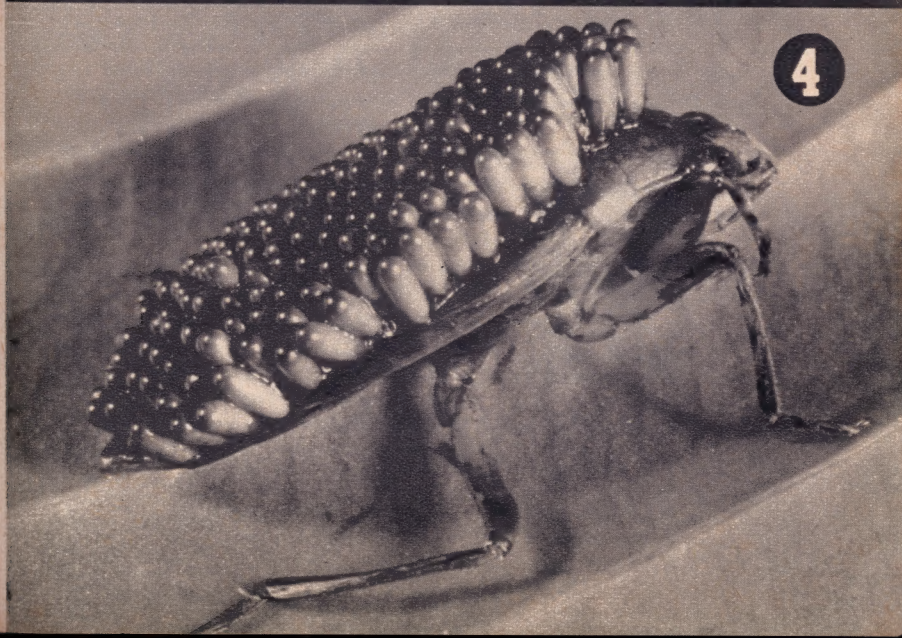
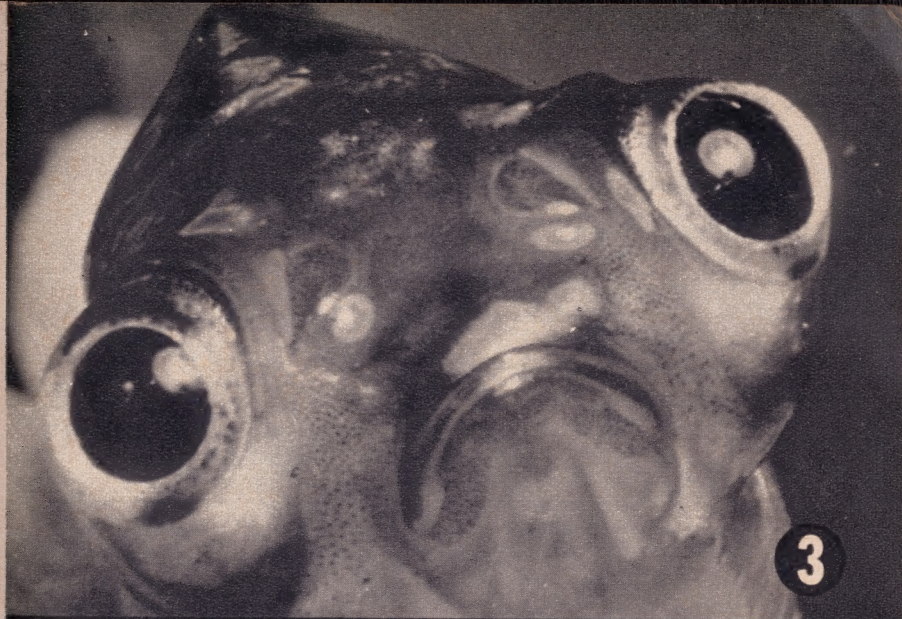
photos by Lynwood M. Chace

1. Head of snapping turtle
2. Wings of the I O moth
3. Telescope fish
4. Male water bug carrying eggs
which female has laid on his
back



2





Contributors



Native of Idaho, student at the Chicago Art Institute, and employe of Chicago newspapers, ROSS ROHRER was an art director at Young and Rubicam when the doctor ordered a change of climate for his wife. He packed her and the two boys into the car and they've been in Mexico for two years painting its exciting scenes, of which his favorite so far is Taxco and its seven hills. For some of the results, see page 51.



BEN MASSELINK, native of Grand Rapids, Michigan, is responsible for our distillate of pure Mexico, "Taxco: The Kick in the Tequila," page 51. His schooling consisted of being bewildered at DePauw for three years. In World War II he was combat correspondent with the Marines. When possible he and his wife break away from Santa Monica, California, for Mexico or the West Indies to paint, write and fish.

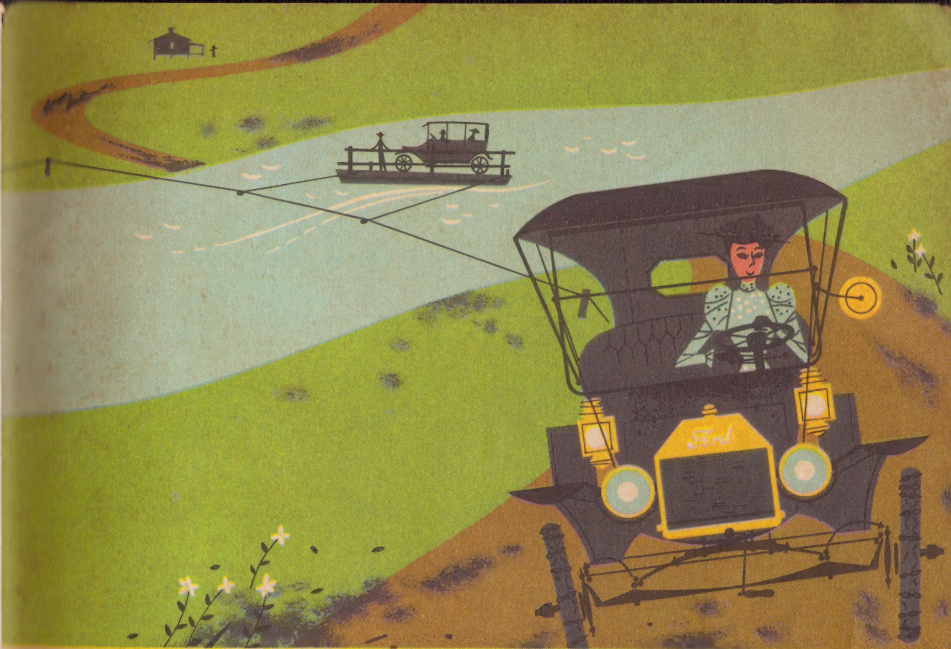
The paintings accompanying the story on Biloxi (page 2) are by ADOLPH KRONENGOLD, who has contributed to THE NEW YORKER and HOLIDAY and is represented in the Metropolitan Museum of Art as well as the collections of Columbia University and City College, New

York. He was born in New Orleans and went to Alaska in 1947 to launch the first art school in the Territory. After three years there, he returned to the Gulf Coast, started another art school and is working with R. M. Davis in silk screen reproduction of his own paintings.



Before DAVID F. COSTELLO settled down with the U. S. Forest Service in 1937 as chief of the Division of Range Research for the Rocky Mountain region, he had been, among other things, a violinist

of the hearts-and-flowers type for the silent movies. He also had tried camping in the Everglades, sailing on the Pacific, hiking in Mexico, working on the railroad as a section hand, clerking in a bank and supervising in a lumberyard. His education includes a Ph.D. in botany from the University of Chicago and his hobbies are hunting, fishing and writing. He is also author of nearly a hundred publications dealing with the western range, plant ecology and the geographic distribution of plants. His story on pack rats (page 46) is his second contribution to the FORD TIMES animal series.



design by Charles Harper

Horseless Carriage Adventures

No. 10—THE FERRY

By 1915 restless American motorists were heading *en masse* for the wide open spaces. Out West it got so a cowhand couldn't ride up to the rim of a coulee and let out a holler without stampeding a band of flivvers away from the water hole.

It was a major operation to change a tire . . . there wasn't a registered rest room between New York and Seattle . . . mud-holes were deep and gumbocious. But none of these hazards fazed ardent motorists. Nor did the absence of bridges. They drove right through the shallower streams, or, if the water appeared to be over the Ford's depth, they detoured until they found a ferry. Usually this was hardly more than a raft, which added its share of thrills to the expedition. It also added to the vast literature of Ford jokes, in the days when no minstrel show was complete without one: "Why have a ferry where there's a Ford?"

Could you peg the models shown above? The car on the ferry is a 1915 Model T; stuck in the mud is a T of 1908 vintage.

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Front cover—Six miles south of Palm Springs on the Cahuilla Indian Reservation in Southern California you enter this retreat pictured by Fred Swartz. Other palm oases of the state are described by Joyce Muench (page 12).

The FORD TIMES comes to you through the courtesy of your local dealer to add to your motoring pleasure and information.